

The Public

A National Journal of Fundamental Democracy &
A Weekly Narrative of History in the Making

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EDITORIAL

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL:

Charity	3
The Enemies It Has Made.....	3
International Arbitration in Republican Politics.....	3
The Public's Annual Confession.....	3
Christmas and Beyond.....	6
The Chicago Art Institute.....	7
Party Realignment.....	7
The McNamara Case.....	7

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE:

The Social Science Conventions (Louis Wallis).....	11
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NEWS NARRATIVE:

New York Banquet for International Peace.....	12
The La Follette Campaign.....	13
Progressive Republicanism in Ohio.....	13
Fighting Direct Legislation in Illinois.....	13
Disclosures in the Beef-trust Trial.....	13
Further Dynamite Indictments in Los Angeles.....	14
The Singletax in the State of Washington.....	15
China's Revolution	15
News Notes	15
Press Opinions	16

RELATED THINGS:

The Dawn of Tomorrow (H. W. Olney).....	16
True Little Tales of Minor Reformers—I (C. H. Shinn)	16
Newton D. Baker.....	18

BOOKS:

My Story	20
Periodicals	21

Charity.

Croesus relieves less human misery in giving, than he creates in getting what he gives.



The Enemies It Has Made.

The judicial Recall may boast as fine a collection of plutocratic enemies as ever debauched a legislature or owned a judge.



International Arbitration in Republican Politics

Ex-President Roosevelt has probably done President Taft no great harm politically by thrusting the pending arbitration treaties into the forefront of Republican politics; but wouldn't it be a sight for gods and Nimrods if the progressive movement in the Republican party really were sidetracked by a substitution of that treaty question for the question of People's rule?



The Public's Annual Confession.

Pointing to its creed on the reverse of its title page for this year, a feature it introduces for the first time with this its Fifteenth Volume, The Public confesses, in all humility and with earnest wishes for a better record in the future, that it has often done what it ought not to have done and left undone what it ought to have done. Not always has it been plain, concise and lucid; not always has its News Narrative been without edi-

torial bias; not always has it been full and free in the expression of opinion, or wholly without favor and completely without prejudice. It may be, too, that fear of consequences, or some subtle itch for reward, has sometimes inspired over-prudence; and doubtless its tone at times has had about it a suggestion of editorial inerrancy. With its many shortcomings, however, The Public has *tried*, and tried and tried again, all these fourteen years back, to lift itself up to its creed and to stick there.

In so far as in practice The Public has fallen short of its creed, it might adapt the Pharisee's prayer, saying: "Thank God, The Public is not as bad as other papers, even if it isn't perfect." But this might not be true. Excepting the papers that don't so much as *try* to be unbiased in news reports and candid in editorial opinions, The Public may be like the others—save their shackles, perhaps. The extenuating plea we really prefer for The Public is that utter fearlessness and absolute impartiality are not human. All that any human paper can accomplish in the direction of the good and the true it aspires to is *approximation*.

That The Public hasn't even approximated the requirements of its creed is no doubt the opinion of a good many who read it. We have occasional epistolary assurances to that effect. Were this confession made for The Public by certain of its critics—those in some partisan leash or such as are perspectiveless faddists—we should behold an interesting variety of offenses. But considered as a whole, those offenses might so completely nullify one another as to leave The Public scatheless; or, if The Public acknowledged them all and reformed itself accordingly, it might have to appear as a series of white-paper pages, totally unlettered. Let no one, then, imagine that in this confession The Public so far humbles itself as to acknowledge its shortcomings to be precisely—whether in character, instance or extent—what its caustic critics see.

Looking back over its own history, The Public may find pretty good reason for disregarding such criticisms, except as, like its junk dealer, it may consider them in the aggregate. Critics who "stop the paper" because, though they regard it as "the best on earth in every other respect," they regret that its prejudices conflict with their own on one point or another, or that their point is too seldom discussed in its columns—the criticisms of

that variety of critics don't have much influence with The Public. Nor ought they to. They mean no more than that the critics have stopped thinking; and not alone on the particular point in which The Public happens to offend them, but on every other point; for don't they think it "the best paper on earth," or words to that effect, in all respects in which it agrees with them?

With such critics The Public has had continuous experience from the beginning. It identifies them with the war with Spain, with the Philippine question, with the British-Boer war, with Governor Altgeld, with the "anarchist" executions in Chicago, with the McNamara case in Los Angeles, with Labor strikes, vaccination, vivisection and medical freedom, with Christian Science, with police lawlessness, with the efforts of Big Business to throttle democracy, with woman suffrage, and with Freetrade, the Singletax, Socialism and direct legislation, with the burning of Negroes by mobs, with the Chinese of California, with Bryan, Roosevelt, McKinley, Taft or Harmon, and all the rest. No concrete question in the past fourteen years, to which The Public has *tried*—in no intentional spirit of inerrancy, yet with some of the force that ought to go with sincere conviction—to apply the principles of fundamental democracy, but has lost The Public indignant subscribers. Inasmuch, however, as these losses have invariably been more than made up with consequent gains (to be lost in their turn, perhaps, at some similar crisis), we have no reason for complaint on that score.

But lest all this may seem to imply that The Public is contemptuous of criticism or indifferent to it, let us hasten to add that nothing is more welcome to it than *thoughtful criticism*. We ought in candor to except *thoughtful praise*, it may be, for praise is naturally more welcome than criticism, other things being equal; but in point of helpfulness the advantage is probably with criticism, provided it be thoughtful and not inerrant—thoughtless or inerrant criticism being as bad as thoughtless or inerrant editorship. Our subscription list bears the names of many critics, we are glad and not a little proud to say, who, quite unknown to themselves no doubt, are held by The Public in affectionate esteem for helpful criticism—names that have staid steadily on the list through numerous vicissitudes of disagreement, names of subscribers in high station and in obscure places too, who have read The Public as it

wishes to be read—not as an oracle, but as a friendly though by no means inerrant monitor.

With reference to the business affairs of The Public old-time readers need not read again what we think it best occasionally (for the information of new readers) to repeat. No reader will be bored, however, as we venture to hope, with another* brief resume here.

The Public began publication in April, 1898, with the purpose of making a fair and informative review of the democratic movement of the world. In this movement it included the progress of the reform which had already derived a world-wide impetus from Henry George, who had then only recently died with harness on; but we avoided making the paper a distinctive organ of that or any other plan of social salvation. Circumstances forced our hand, however, and in spite of all we could do to prevent it, The Public became generally known as a Singletax paper. This undoubtedly restricted its usefulness, even to the Singletax movement, in the early days of the paper; but it makes no difference any longer, for the Singletax movement has now passed from the harbor of abstract discussion out upon the broad and boisterous ocean of practical politics and statesmanship. He who doesn't know this is uninformed. Singletax progress could not be otherwise, in the nature of things. With the progressive spirit that has come to brood over the waters of that ocean, the Singletax was inevitable because indispensable. Whether Progressivism expresses itself in American "insurgency" or British "radicalism" or world-wide socialism, the Singletax principle is a bulwark of defense and a weapon for advance which every Progressive movement must adopt or go to pieces. When Lloyd George realized this for British radicalism, feudal landlordism saw its doom. Until American progressives realize it, they will fight plutocracy at a fatal disadvantage. As Socialists apprehend it, they lay firm foundations for making general and permanent their sporadic and otherwise but temporary successes; for precisely as the Singletax principle is undermining feudalistic landlordism in Great Britain, so will it undermine capitalistic landlordism everywhere. And it is no longer a novelty, but is fast coming to its own and doing its work. Not, however, of this democratic movement to which The Public is most closely allied,

*See The Public, volume x, pages 1, 937, 1081, 1225; volume xi, pages 1, 2, 13, 913; and volume xiv, page 1.

or of any other, did we undertake here to speak, but of The Public's own business affairs.

After seven years of varied fortunes in a losing business venture, The Public went into executive session with itself and decided to discontinue publication. It was overruled, and for three more years a special business effort was made in its behalf, which also was a failure. Once more The Public said to itself, "Let's die." That was not yet to be, however, for even as the funeral ceremonies were in process of arrangement, Daniel Kiefer intervened—Daniel Kiefer of Cincinnati. He asked permission to solicit a "sustention fund" for The Public and got the permission. He had great financial expectations. In these he was of course disappointed. But he was not disappointed in his object. Thanks to him, if the result be truly one to be thankful for, The Public has continued under its original editorship for four years more; and under the business management of Stanley Bowmar (begun last September), supplemented by the continued co-operation of Mr. Kiefer, it is assured further life, unlimited in duration as far as editorial eyes can penetrate the future.

Following is a comparison of the finances of The Public for each year of the four years since Mr. Kiefer's intervention:

	1908.	1909.	1910.	1911.
Business Receipts:				
From previous year		\$ 277.53	\$ 111.60	\$ 233.58
Subscriptions	7,028.00	5,875.44	8,096.89	9,199.14
Advertisements ..	1,407.12	557.35	957.35	1,796.40
Total	\$ 8,435.12	\$ 6,710.32	\$ 9,165.84	\$11,229.12
Business expenses..	14,277.59	13,882.92	15,464.88	17,444.79
Business deficits..	\$ 5,842.47	\$ 7,172.60	\$ 6,299.04	\$ 6,215.67
Other Receipts:				
Daniel Kiefer, trustee	\$ 6,000.00	\$ 7,250.00	\$ 6,500.00	\$ 6,500.00
Donations	120.00	34.20	32.62	11.00
Total	\$ 6,120.00	\$ 7,284.20	\$ 6,532.62	\$ 6,511.00
On hand Dec. 31....	\$ 277.53	\$ 111.60	\$ 233.58	\$ 295.33
	\$ 5,842.47	\$ 7,172.60	\$ 6,299.04	\$ 6,215.67

The circulation of The Public on the 31st of December for each year of the same period was as follows:

	1908.	1909.	1910.	1911.
Paid mail circulation.....	6,790	6,858	9,245	10,423
Free mail circulation.....	895	944	1,037	1,103
Sales, files, etc.....	2,115	1,598	1,518	1,674
Total edittion.....	9,800	9,400	11,800	13,200

With generous wishes to all its good friends and best enemies, for a truly happy New Year, for one which shall be to the holiday season just gone

an exemplification in the daily, weekly, monthly turmoil of life what that holiday season has briefly and vaguely symbolized, The Public has but one further word for this occasion. It is a word of advice to its readers; not oracular but for their intelligent consideration. Most persons *observe* directly, and many observe at second hand through the printed page; be ye of both groups. Many persons *think*, some turning their thought outward upon what they observe and others inward upon what they feel; do ye both. Some people *analyze* when they think, others *ruminate*; when you work at thinking analyze, and when you play at it ruminate. Regarding some subjects of large human interest, The Public will try faithfully to help you *observe* and *think*, and in your thinking will try also to help you *analyze* and *ruminate*. But it cannot do this alone. You yourself must help. You must help by coming to its pages, not as you go to an opposition political or religious or scholastic meeting, ready to dispute every point, or to your doctor or your lawyer, ready to take his advice *ex cathedra*; but as you go to your partner on a business problem or your chum on any question of mutual interest—with an open mind, alert, self-assertive and co-operative. Unless you help The Public in this way, The Public cannot help you. Nor can it help you unless you help in another way. The publication of The Public necessitates the co-operative work of thousands, perhaps scores of thousands of persons. You must give in return for what you get of them. Getting something for nothing is either beggary or theft. Unless you who want The Public pay them, they must turn their work into other channels and they ought to. Speaking in behalf of this host of workers who now make The Public, we again announce that when there are not enough persons who want The Public earnestly enough to pay them for making it, The Public will stop; but while there are enough such persons The Public will go on. "It's up to you."



Christmas and Beyond.

Christmas is back of us; only its memories survive; and its lesson. Its lesson—ah, and what is that? Henry Van Dyke phrased it when he said that "Christmas-living is the best kind of Christmas-giving." This lesson is not for the day and done with it; it is a lesson for the new-coming year. Christmas is an annual Sunday; it is for the year behind and the year beyond what Sunday is for the fortnight it divides. Sundays and Christmases are *locus poenitentiae*, if you know what that means. If you don't know, ask the Beef-

trustees. They are trying to make a jury believe that although they entered into a criminal conspiracy in 1902, they came soon to a place where they couldn't finance the venture, and made this place their *locus poenitentiae*, a place where they decided to withdraw from their crime. Perhaps they did and perhaps they didn't. The District Attorney says they didn't. But whether they did or didn't is of no importance to our present point, which is that a Christmas or a Sunday is *locus poenitentiae* for us all.



Those days are places between the years or between the weeks when we are expected to make it our business for the day to live up to our ideals and enjoy them. We may fall down again, of course, or climb down—and small blame to us—but if we make Christmases and Sundays what we ought to make them, what we really enjoy making them when we are in the midst of it, we have caught from the elevation of our ideals a bird's eye view of what we ought to be doing every day of the week, every day of the year—not so much in play forms as on those days—but in work forms and in spirit and in truth. We never do it. To be sure we don't; and once more let it be said, small blame to us. In this rough-and-rugged, catch-as-catch-can and devil-take-the-hindmost sort of social life of ours, we can't have Christmases and Sundays every day. It sounds harsh to sneer at the man who *prays* with his fellows all day Sunday and *preys* upon them all the rest of the week; but isn't it better to p-r-a-y once a week than to p-r-e-y all the time? Even if the praying be hypocritical, may not the bare form of it eventually generate a love for genuine praying once a week, and through that of genuine praying all the week through? Anyhow Sunday thoughts and Sunday living, if right and genuine, must influence week day living in wholesome ways. At all events that is what Sunday is for. And so of Christmas. In so far as Christmas-giving truly livens up the spirit of brotherly love on that one day of the year, it must have a beneficent influence throughout the next year. Christmas-giving is symbolic of Christmas-living. It is a *locus poenitentiae* for unbrotherly living against the years to come. If gifts and giving at Christmas have left you sweet memories of glimpses at brotherhood, keep those memories alive and sweet until another Christmas, and let them every day sweeten and purify all your relationships—of family, of friendship, of business and of politics; not with mere personal amiability of the surface sort but with democratic vigor through and through.

The Chicago Art Institute.

This institution has added new laurels to the others it has deservedly won in public estimation. As an offset to efforts of wholesale liquor interests to turn New Year's eve into a night of beastly carousal, it threw open its fine art exhibits free to all who might come, and with no time set for closing. The response was worthy of the invitation. As one of the local papers reports, "while 10,000 people were absorbing wine and orchestral productions in down-town cafes and restaurants last night, several thousand more spent the evening among the treasures of the Art Institute." If the folks who so loudly denounce carousals were as energetic in furnishing the necessary financial support to such counteracting influences as the Art Institute's free exhibitions, carousals might cease to be "the proper caper," and that would spell their doom.



Party Realignments.

Senator La Follette's point is well taken. The Democratic party's weakness at the approaching political crisis is exactly what in his Cleveland speech he described it to be: "The Democratic party is not democratic; though largely democratic in the North, in the South it is largely a party of rank and caste." Mr. La Follette may therefore be right when he asserts that this party, "as a party, never can form a cohesive whole to work out the pressing reforms that are demanded." It may also be that his invitation to democratic Democrats is timely. Possibly the hour is at hand for inviting them, as he does, to join the progressives of the Republican party and form, as he is reported in the dispatches, "one great party which can effect the great purpose for which Progressivism stands." But however timely the invitation, the hour for accepting it is not yet here. Progressive Democrats cannot join progressive Republicans so long as the latter may be over-ridden in the G. O. P. by its reactionary crew, the more especially as their influence is needed now in the Democratic party as badly as the influence of progressive Republicans is needed in the Republican party.



But the supreme moment cannot be far off. If La Follette is nominated for President by the Republicans, and a reactionary or "doughface" by the Democrats, we should expect to see a rush of democratic Democrats into the Republican party—nor weep over it either. If a democratic Democrat is nominated by the Democrats and a re-

actionary by the Republicans, we should hope for a similar rush of progressive Republicans over to the Democratic side. If both parties nominate reactionaries or "doughfaces," the fundamental democrats of all parties will confront a problem. In that event statesmanship may give the place of vantage in the contest to the Socialist party; and without stultification, fusion or confusion on its own part, or permanent affiliation with it by non-Socialists who may give it their temporary support nationally as in some localities they have done and are doing municipally. This outcome failing, or other considerations prompting the course, we should hope that progressive Republicans led by men like La Follette would turn their backs on the reactionary and "doughface" element of that party, and again invite democratic Democrats to join them in one great Republican-Democracy to effect the purposes for which Progressivism stands.



THE McNAMARA CASE.

There still hangs about the McNamara case* (flip opinions by the unthinking nevertheless) a momentous mystery. The case is shrouded in other momentous mysteries, to be sure, and greater ones; but this one must be cleared away first, if the others are to be investigated at all with any good effect.

Facts are concealed—not alone by Labor criminals and leaders; also by Big Business criminals and leaders—which are indispensable to any kind of judgment except technical legal judgments, the least important of all. To ignore this is not only to invite social and business disaster but to deserve it.



What deadlier folly could there be, in a critical transition period such as we of this generation are passing through, than indulgence in or patience with the parrot cries against Labor unions which have echoed over the land since the McNamaras pleaded guilty? What deadlier folly at such a time if those cries reverberate in the House of Want, as indeed they do, like sounds of jeer or fear from the House of Have?

"Murder is Murder," for instance.

Of course murder is murder. And equally of course murder must be punished *as murder*—so long as law is potent. But the primary mystery of the McNamara case, the master-key mystery in all reasonable probability, does not end with this proverb of all orderly society; it is the

*See The Public, vol. xiv, pages 1258, 1263, 1264, 1268, 1281.

point at which any effective solution of the complex of mysteries must begin.



If their plea of guilty was a true plea, the McNamaras are murderers, both in law and in morals; and whether true or not, it made them murderers in law. Now, for murder the penalty in law is death. Yet no death penalty was imposed in their case.

Why not?

Not from considerations of mercy. This is conceded on all hands. Lincoln Steffens tried to make that adjustment, but in the end he failed. The prosecutors would have none of it when the stage was set and the curtain rose. If they intended mercy, they botched their intentions. But they did not intend mercy; so at any rate they say themselves. Expiation, not mercy, was the declared object of those sentences for murder.

Then why were the sentences made merciful?

A bargain might reasonably be inferred without the aid of another fact. But there are other facts. Beyond reasonable doubt a bargain *was* made. And this was a bargain—and here is the crux of the matter in that aspect of it—this was a bargain the particulars of which were concealed by the parties to it. They still are concealed by them, and probably must always be concealed by them as facts which cannot bear the light. Few persons if any at all, except the parties to it, know what the circumstances and particulars of that bargain were. Perhaps no one else ever will know. Not only was there a bargain but—let the fact be emphasized—*it was a secret bargain*.



Only one probable participant in that secret bargain has denied participation. The Judge who imposed those sentences, not in mercy but expressly in expiation, was reported as having denied a bargain on his part. But circumstances are against his denial. In the eye of the law those sentences were too merciful to be expiatory, the awfulness of the crime considered. Why did the Judge make them so, if not as a party to the secret bargain which induced the pleas of guilty? One of the two sentences he imposed was precisely what the bargain called for. The other varied, but only to the extent of a year's imprisonment—fifteen years in the sentence instead of fourteen bargained for. This very additional severity, too slight to provoke recantation from the prisoner, is itself suggestive of an effort to color the bargain with an exculpatory circumstance. Were that

judge on trial before an impartial tribunal for having been a party to the McNamara bargain, we surmise that he would need astute counsel to escape conviction. Manifestly there was a bargain, and he seems to have been in it.

Among other parties to the bargain was Lincoln Steffens. His evident object was to make of this case a landmark on the path that leads from societary homicide to practical Christianity in our professedly Christian society. And the score or so of Los Angeles business men whom he thought he had interested in his view of the matter, doubtless included some who did see as he saw—though it was probably even with them like seeing “men as trees walking.”

Besides those persons, and besides the Judge (whose motives could hardly have been the motives of Mr. Steffens, unless peradventure he be a modern Nicodemus), there was Gen. Otis, one of your coarse-grained military kind of men of the beastly type whose logical dotage would need the pen of a Dante to describe it. Against Gen. Otis, let it be noted in passing, there were lawsuits to recover damages for loss of life in his inflammable building; and if the McNamaras pleaded guilty those suits would be practically out of court. There were also other men to whom business dollars are more important than human lives, except as human lives are transmutable into business dollars. Then there were the Erectors' Association, an adjunct of the Steel trust; also their detective, who has forged his way to the top of a profession which necessitates deceit for success; and the District Attorney, Mr. Fredericks; and the chief counsel for the defense, Clarence S. Darrow.

Other figures of course there were and are—the confederates of the McNamaras in their career of mad crime, the Labor unionists who were in their criminal confidence, the contributors to their criminal fund (whether Labor unionist or business man), and the “provocateurs” if there were any. But all these are in the background of this complex of mysteries. They have to do with deeper-hidden secrets, the search for which should not be allowed (cannot be allowed with safety) to divert attention from those that enshroud the secret bargain.

More important though those deeper-hidden secrets be “in the long run,” they do not come first—not if the “long run” is to be anything but a wild goose chase. An early disclosure of the secrets of this extraordinary bargain at Los Angeles, may well prove to be the shortest and surest if not the only road to a true disclosure of the whole McNamara conspiracy.

But only one attempt, at once competent and sincere, has yet been made, so far as we are aware, to get at the secrets of the Los Angeles bargain. All other efforts are apparently bent upon hushing up the whole affair, from its extraordinary ending in that bargain back to its beginnings in the dynamite crusade. They are either that, or else they tend to divert public scrutiny from trails that may lead somewhere to trails that lead nowhere.

The convincing inquiry to which we refer is C. P. Connolly's as set out by him in Collier's for December 23rd. Whether Mr. Connolly is on a "hot trail" or not is as yet open to fair question. No one not in the secrets of the law breakers on all sides can possibly know—except, of course, those wonderfully wise and virtuous citizens to whom newspaper headlines are substantial premises for any conclusion they may wish to draw or their mental indolence permits. But Mr. Connolly's opportunities for investigation have been good, his sympathies appear to be in balance, his judgment is apparently deliberate, acute and prudent, and withal this Collier's article of his is suggestive of his having written it under a serious sense of responsibility.

We pass no judgment upon the validity of his inferences—he hardly does himself; but we are profoundly impressed with their good faith, and we believe that he begins at the right end for unraveling all the mysteries of the matter. "Factors and Motives that Led to the Dramatic Close of the McNamara Case" is the sub-title for Mr. Connolly's article, the significant principal title of which is "The Saving of Clarence Darrow."



Mr. Connolly directs attention to the significant fact—highly significant in its bearings on the secret bargain at Los Angeles—that "there was a political campaign on in the city of Los Angeles," which had driven the leading business men into "a state of panic."

Socialist adherents "seemed to come from everywhere," he writes; and many saw in the McNamara case "a large factor in this campaign," though it was "on the surface no more than an incident."

This case is described by him as "dragging its slow length along," and he throws out a hint that "perhaps it had been purposely dragged."

That "two of the men sitting in the box as accepted jurors had taken bribes from the defense," he mentions as a later assertion of District Attorney Fredericks, coupled with the declaration by Fredericks of "his intention to expose these before the jury was finally sworn."

Such was the situation about three weeks before the pleas of guilty, according to Mr. Connolly; it continued to be the situation until November 28th, when the head of the detective bureau for the defense, a man of the name of Franklin, was arrested for jury-bribing. His arrest is stated to have been upon the basis of direct evidence, corroborated with money traceable by a bank to the persons ordering its payment and the persons getting it.

Meanwhile Lincoln Steffens had come from New York to Los Angeles, where in the three weeks prior to the arrest for bribery he was Mr. Darrow's guest. The next evening after the arrest of Franklin for bribery Mr. Steffens met certain prominent citizens through whom, or some of them, the secret bargain was afterward somehow made.

"Those citizens were 'largely interested,'" says Mr. Connolly, "in the triumph of the Good Government ticket and the defeat of Socialism, and in the large commercial enterprises which the Socialists had denounced as part of the proposed loot of victory."

Through that meeting, so Mr. Connolly puts it, "Darrow had used Steffens," who, "without thought for the judicial end of the case, was honestly trying, as he said, to put into effect in Los Angeles the spirit of real Christianity." As Mr. Connolly sees it, then, Mr. Darrow was making "a goat" of Mr. Steffens—was playing upon the latter's fidelity to his Christian philosophy and with "the single thought," to quote Mr. Connolly's own language, "of saving himself from possible entanglement" in the accusation of jury-bribing.

But if Mr. Connolly is right, Mr. Steffens did not play in the role of "goat" to Mr. Darrow alone. "On the other side," Mr. Connolly proceeds, "were certain political factors with certain schemes to further, ready to take advantage of Darrow's dilemma and Steffens's Christianity." The Los Angeles business men "undoubtedly had suggested," Mr. Connolly continues, "that the bargain be consummated before election day."

It was so consummated.

The McNamaras changed their pleas from "not guilty" to "guilty," on Friday, December 1st; the election took place on the following Tuesday; and on the morning of election day they were sentenced. Quoting Mr. Connolly again, "the surrender of the McNamaras had the desired effect, for the Socialistic forces in Los Angeles, after all their tremendous campaign, were routed, and the frightful bogey which had scared virtue and vice

into each other's arms vanished into thin air. Job Harriman was beaten by forty thousand votes."

Having in such manner but much more fully outlined the circumstances of the secret bargain as he observed them, Mr. Connolly makes these further reflections in his Collier's article:

If the McNamaras had pleaded guilty immediately after the arrest of Franklin, that fact, standing alone, would have been not only an apparent confession of their own guilt but also of the complicity of some of their lawyers. [Here follows an exonerating of all Mr. Darrow's professional associates in the case, after which Mr. Connolly proceeds]: If Darrow had not desired to secure from the McNamaras their hurried pleas of guilty before the forthcoming disclosures in the Franklin affair, which case was then set for the following Monday, he might have taken Job Harriman into his confidence. Evidently he feared that Harriman's personal stake would balk negotiations till after election, and that fact would have precipitated the disclosures of the Franklin case on Monday. Under all these conditions a diversion was essential to screen the dangerous emergency which confronted him. Otherwise the secret conferences in Meyer Lissner's office and elsewhere [conferences of business leaders ostensibly impressed with Lincoln Steffens's appeal] might never have been made public. True, the business men of Los Angeles may have seen the advantage of Lincoln Steffens's suggestion as a powerful factor in the coming election, only five days distant, without penetrating the ulterior motives of Darrow. This statement of Darrow's position might seem to involve Mr. Steffens. It is only fair to say that I believe Mr. Steffens's motives were absolutely clean and altruistic. In the excitement of the moment he might not have grasped the angles and proportions of the play. Possibly he sees better through the motives of men in retrospect than in action. The same disclaimer would apply to Meyer Lissner and to some others who took part in these conferences. My own judgment is that Darrow turned the affair for his own salvation and that, though through the surrender the punishment of the McNamaras may have been mitigated, it is possible we will hear no more about the bribery of Lockwood [the offense with which Franklin was charged by the District Attorney]. The National Erectors' Association and the Steel Trust are now angling for even bigger fish than Darrow, but it will be unfortunate if all the facts in possession of the prosecution are not made public. Tampering with judges and juries has been the bane of justice in this country. It ought to be stamped out. There ought to be no compromise with it.



We refer to Mr. Connolly's review, not as a finality but for what it may be worth; and it seems to be worth much—much more than any other review we have seen.

Whether his manifest condemnation of Clarence S. Darrow be true or not; whether he can sustain his implied condemnation of most of the Los Angeles business men who listened piously to Mr.

Steffens with one ear while they mutually winked the other eye; whether or not he can prove those inferences of his which implicate business men along with Judge Bordwell, and Mr. Fredericks* and Mr. Darrow in the secret bargain—however all this may be, one fact at any rate he clearly establishes. *There was a secret bargain.*

This fact alone hatches a brood of important questions.

Was that bargain indeed a compromise with jury bribing, as Mr. Connolly implies? Did it involve the "bane of justice" to which he refers? Was its purpose to shield Darrow, as he quite definitely contends? If that was its purpose, why? Why were Judge, District Attorney, and those business men of Los Angeles so solicitous for Darrow's fate? Does he hold Big Business secrets? Had he got caught in methods he had learned from Big Business lawyers? Could he deliver politico-business advantages which influential men coveted? In a word, *what were the purpose and the secrets of that bargain?*



This is at the present stage of the inquiry the most important question connected with the McNamara case.

The guilt of the McNamaras is for all practical purposes a question disposed of—disposed of by their own pleas of guilty. The wickedness of their confessed conduct is too horrible to need special condemnation, and few but parrotty moralists and men consciously guilty of promoting or provoking such crimes will bother to work themselves into a state of righteous indignation over it. While the nature and ramifications of their conspiracy is of course the question of greatest ultimate importance, that question will have to be considered, if it be considered sanely, with reference to what Mr. Connolly suggests when further in his Collier's article he writes:

It will be said by partisans of the union that Capital is relentless in its pursuit of Labor; that it controls the courts and the avenues of publicity; that the crimes of Capital and the evidence of them are hushed up. Anybody who knows anything about these two forces and their methods can honestly agree in part to these charges. There is among the records of Congressional investigations at Washington evidence that Capital has been guilty in its warfare against competitors of the very crimes to which the McNamaras have pleaded guilty. If Wealth could be curbed in its injustice, I believe Labor would soon

*Mr. Connolly disclaims making these imputations, but in doing so he significantly adds: "I make these disclaimers notwithstanding that the sentences imposed by the court were practically those announced in the newspapers at the time of the pleas."

abate its own violence. Both are blind to the faults of their own side. I never felt as much contempt for Haywood as I did for the Smelter Trust. [The final allusion is to the Capital and Labor war in Colorado, which culminated in the trial and acquittal of Haywood in Idaho after his kidnaping at Denver. See *The Public*, vol. x, pp. 962, 974.]

In addition to the criminal injustices of which both Capital and Labor are accused—indeed back of these and beneath them as the primary cause of their inciting causes—are institutional injustices, black in their elemental immorality and far-reaching in their influence. For these the “good” people rather than “wicked” capitalists or “wicked” Labor unionists are most to blame. It is an iniquity in which we are all involved. Even the Meyer Lissners cannot escape responsibility along with the destructive McNamaras, the asinine Kirbys and the bloody-minded Otises. No less than the crimes on both sides must these injustices be considered when the ramifications of the McNamara conspiracy are investigated.



Meanwhile, however, the Los Angeles bargain looms largest.

To uncover its significant secrets is vitally important in itself. For, if Mr. Connolly's inferences are right, the administrators of the law, which to be vital must be without preference, and of the order that must be just if it endure—aye, the very guardians of public opinion, those respectable leaders whose influence maintains law and order—all are under a cloud. If his inferences are right, violent lawlessness may in all reason seem to multitudes to be their only recourse.

To uncover the secrets of that Los Angeles bargain is vitally important also as a clew to the McNamara mystery in all its other aspects, from last back to first.

What were the terms of that bargain between Judge and District Attorney and leading citizens and chief counsel for the defense? What was its purpose? Why was it secret? What were the circumstances—all of them—and the influences that brought the bargain to a head?

To hide these secrets any longer, to hush up this bargain, is to discredit the good faith of every other move, and to cast doubt upon all more remote revelations.



Any law dealing with crime must be so humane and just in its provisions that public sentiment will support it, if you would increase the probability of arrest and conviction. If, in addition to its humanity and justice, it appeal to the interest of men, it will be still better.—“An Open Letter to Society by Convict 1776.”

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONVENTIONS.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 30.

The sixth annual meeting of the American Sociological Society was held at Washington on the 27th-30th of December. At the same time and place were held the annual meetings of the American Economic Association, the American Statistical Association, and the American Association for Labor Legislation. The American Association for the Advancement of Science, of which Section 1 concerns itself with Social and Economic Science, also met in Washington during the same week, together with the American Civic Alliance. The nation's capital has thus been invaded by a formidable army of social investigators. A large amount of interesting and significant material was considered which would require many volumes for adequate discussion.

The meetings as a whole were primarily academic and scientific, and not reformatory in the popular sense. Yet their annual proceedings have more and more of a popular interest. It is not so very long ago that “scientific” investigators either opposed “reformers,” or declared that science had nothing to do with practical questions. The public-spirited citizen who had an interest in civic problems, was made to feel that the scientific atmosphere was foreign to him, and that the cultivators of academic disciplines were pursuing matters altogether too high and wonderful for the comprehension of ordinary human people. This condition of things was not due to anybody in particular. It was purely impersonal, and was part of the infirmity and immaturity of the intellect. The passing away of the older scientific attitude with reference to social questions is now in rapid progress; and the annual meetings of the various academic bodies mark the transition. The conventions just held have been especially noteworthy in this respect.



The seeds of the growth now coming to fruition were mostly sown in the nineteenth century. At the beginning of that period, public views upon all questions were held fast in what has been called the stage of “mythology.” The meaning of this expression is made clear when we remember that at the opening of the nineteenth century, church and state were everywhere united in modern civilization, and that the Bible was commonly accepted as the supreme authority upon history. A rational view of human problems could not prevail so long as the mythological habit of thought ruled the minds of the people. The forces working toward the break-up of myth came to expression in the work of the German investigator, Niebuhr, who, about the middle of the nineteenth century, reconstructed early Roman history by the process of “higher criticism,” eliminating the myth, and giving for the first time a rational account of the origins of a great empire. From this time, the critical method was extended to cover the whole field of history. The work of historical science in the early nineteenth century was therefore

the discovery of truth by the separation of myths from facts. On the one hand, investigators gathered a pile of myths, and on the other hand, a pile of facts. Science was therefore predominantly "analytical."

But this development raised a new problem: How are the "facts" of history and of life to be controlled and interpreted after they have been discovered? A crowd of so-called "historical sciences" came into being as if by magic. There was the science of "politics," whose devotees undertook to tell how "states" developed; the science of "ethics," which dealt with the origin and meaning of "morality"; the science of "economics," whose province was the production and distribution of "wealth"; and these were but a few of the special sciences which dealt with the facts of history from one point of view or another. Each group of specialists tried to take away, or abstract, certain facts from the sum total of life, and then study these facts by themselves. The assumption controlling all specialism was that human experience can be intelligently studied and talked about as an "abstraction." This stage of thought is useful as contrasted with the mythological stage; but it brings evils of its own.

The inevitable scientific protest against the dangers of specialism took the form of "sociology." More and more the truth came into view that while analysis and abstraction have a useful function in thought, they represent the process of thinking only in part. Their points of view have to be combined in a single perspective in order to have practical value. All the special historical sciences are merely special ways of looking at the same familiar facts of human history. There is no such thing as a merely "economic" man, or a merely "political" man, or a merely "moral" man, or even a merely "religious" man, or a merely "legal" man. People may have all the characteristics denoted by these terms; but they are never one thing to the exclusion of the others. All social problems rest, therefore, upon the same, common basis, and are in a sense parts of one problem. Sociology undertakes to discover the connections that bind special problems together.



For a long time there was a misunderstanding between the sociologists and the various types of special scholars, and this was particularly marked in the case of economics. But the early feuds are now passing away. Although the American Sociological Society has been organized only five years, its initial session this year was merged with the initial session of the American Economic Association. President Giddings, of the former body, opened with an address on "The Quality of Civilization," followed by an address from President Farnum, of the Economic Association, upon "The Economic Utilization of History." Professor Farnum incidentally made the suggestion that economists should include in the field of their scientific investigations not only the classes who earn and produce wealth, but the classes which draw unearned incomes. This proposal was made without demagoguery, in a purely scientific spirit, and is one of the many signs of a change in the attitude of economists and other specialists toward the social problem. The papers and discussions at these

meetings indicated a broadening out of academic methods in order to provide a theory of the new civilization which is fast growing up around us. The different kinds of social and historical specialists are fast becoming imbued with the sociological spirit.

The addresses in connection with the Sociological Society will be published in the American Journal of Sociology during 1912. The president of the society for the coming year is Professor Albion W. Small, Head of the Department of Sociology in the University of Chicago.

LOUIS WALLIS.

NEWS NARRATIVE

The figures in brackets at the ends of paragraphs refer to volumes and pages of *The Public* for earlier information on the same subject.

Week ending Tuesday, January 2, 1912.

New York Banquet for International Peace.

A "peace banquet" at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, at which Andrew Carnegie was honorary presiding officer, John Temple Graves, toastmaster, and President Taft the principal speaker, came off on the 30th. Theodore Roosevelt was invited to speak, but he refused to attend. The first announcement of his refusal became public on the 27th. He objected to an endorsement of the arbitration treaties now pending in the Senate, one with Great Britain and the other with France. Upon being apprised of this objection the managing committee authorized assurances that while the purpose of the banquet would be the promotion of "world peace in general, without reference to any treaty in particular," the specific purpose of the banquet was not to endorse the proposed British and French treaties. But Mr. Roosevelt would not withdraw his refusal to attend. The correspondence was made public on the 30th, when it appeared that Mr. Roosevelt had denounced the proposed treaties (without the amendments urged by Senators Lodge and Root) as opposed to the interests of peace and against national interest and honor. His letter was unreserved in denouncing the banquet, if it were to be in aid of these treaties, as a hypocritical affair. Among the banqueters were John Wanamaker, Congressman Bartholdt, Bishop Greer, Senator O'Gorman, Gen. Grant, Oscar S. Straus, Charles A. Towne, Congressman Sulzer and Seth Low. President Taft's speech was of course the event of the evening and he made an argument for the proposed treaties unamended. In better form than his speech and ex-President Roosevelt's letters, their respective views on the subject will be found, Mr. Roosevelt's in *The Outlook* for December 30, and Mr. Taft's in *The Century* for January. [See vol. xiv, page 827.]

The La Follette Campaign.

Senator La Follette began his previously announced speaking campaign for progressive Republicanism through Ohio, with a noon day meeting at Youngstown on the 27th. His keynote was People's Government. "The question," he said, "is not one of railroad rates, nor of the tariff, nor one of national currency, but it is a question of whether there is a force stronger than the American people. Can the people of the United States, after more than a hundred years of trial, control their own government?" In the evening of the 27th he spoke at Cleveland, on the 28th at Toledo, on the 29th at Dalton, on the 30th at Cincinnati and on the 1st at Saginaw, Michigan. Elaborating his primary principle of People's Rule, Senator La Follette specifically advocates the Initiative, Referendum, Recall and votes for women, and opposes the Aldrich reserve association scheme. He had been preceded in the Ohio speaking campaign in behalf of progressive Republicanism by Senator Clapp of Minnesota, who made his first speech at Salem on the 26th. Gifford Pinchot also is speaking in the Ohio campaign. [See vol. xiv, pages 1077, 1099, 1147, 1246.]



Progressive Republicanism in Ohio.

Republicans of Ohio formed the Ohio Progressive League on the 1st at Columbus. Under the leadership of Gifford Pinchot and other supporters of Senator La Follette, the League voted 52 to 32 against endorsement of any person for Presidential nominee, and 81 to 11 in favor of the following:

We are opposed to the renomination of President Taft. We hereby declare it to be the determined purpose of the Ohio Progressive Republican League to work in harmony and unison to nominate a Progressive Republican for President, recognizing as fellow Progressives all who hold the principles for which we stand, whether they be for the presidential nomination of Robert M. La Follette, or Theodore Roosevelt or any other Progressive Republican. We assert the essential unity of the Progressive movement throughout the entire State and nation. We favor the election of delegates who will favor the nomination of a candidate who will fully represent the Progressive principle.

The platform unanimously adopted follows the lines of that adopted at Chicago, declaring for tariff protection to the extent of differences in wages at home and abroad, for popular election of United States Senators, for a graduated income tax, for direct primaries, Initiative and Referendum, the short ballot and a Presidential preference law. [See vol. xiv, pp. 79, 1099, 1147.]



Fighting Direct Legislation in Illinois.

A systematic campaign against the Initiative and Referendum was begun on the 26th by Re-

publican financiers and Big Business men of Chicago, under the auspices of the local Civic Federation and in the form of a petition to the County Committee of the Republican party urging it to give the Initiative, Referendum and Recall no place in any Republican platform. Among the signers are James B. Forgan, John J. Mitchell and George M. Reynolds (potentates in Chicago banking circles), E. J. Buffington (president of the Illinois branch of the Steel trust), John G. Shedd (representative of the Marshall Field interests), G. T. Buckingham (lawyer for the Beef trust), and Samuel Insull (chief of the great electric power trust). Julius Rosenwald and Rabbi Hirsch are also among the signers. In a responsive statement on the 27th, the Chairman of the Progressive Republican Committee of Illinois said:

The Pullman Company, the Commonwealth-Edison Company, the new Public Service corporation, the City Fuel Company, the Chicago Telephone Company, and many of the vast banking interests are represented by the men who signed this petition. On its face it appears as if the public utility companies, banks, and the big corporations who have been too perniciously active in politics, are appealing to the political bosses to try to undo the will of the people as expressed at the ballot box. The citizens of Illinois have voted nearly five to one in favor of the Initiative and Referendum. A primary law carried through the Legislature by Senator Walter Clyde Jones, the Progressive candidate for Governor, is now being disregarded both in intent and spirit by discredited political leaders.

[See vol. xiv, page 1055.]



Disclosures in the Beef-Trust Trial.

In line with the opening speech for the defense to the jury in the Beef-trust trial at Chicago, disclosures began with the testimony of the first witness for the prosecution, Albert H. Veeder, a legal adviser of the trust organizers. According to Mr. Veeder, who was called to the witness stand on the 26th, he was the legal organizer of the Beef-trust; it contemplated a merger of packing interests second only in size to the Steel-trust, and was intended to destroy all competition; but Eastern financiers withheld the necessary loans, and the proposed billion dollar trust became a mere fifteen million dollar corporation. This witness produced 13 contracts disclosing the original plans and the circumstances of their alleged collapse. They were respectively—

(1) Agreement between Swift, Armour and Morris, May 31, 1902, for the purchase in combination of their respective plants, worth \$182,000,000 for \$925,000,000 in bonds and preferred and common stock.

(2) Agreement of June 2, 1902, supplementary to above, providing for distribution of interests in the ratio of 46.70% for Swift, 40.11% for Armour, and 13.19% for Morris, upon the basis of an appraisement of tangible assets.

(3, 4 and 5) Agreements between Swift, Armour

and Morris, for deposit of \$1,000,000 each as a forfeit to guarantee mutual performance of contract of May 31, 1902.

(6) Agreement between above named combine and the First National Bank of New York, July 10, 1902, for a six months' loan of \$8,000,000 with which to buy up competitors. Loan secured by stock of the competitors as purchased.

(7) Agreement between the above combine on one side and Michael Cudahy and the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank on the other, July 18, 1902, where Cudahy came into the combine and the bank insured performance of his contract upon his making \$1,000,000 deposit with it.

(8) Certification by appraisers, August 4, 1902, of the tangible assets and the annual profits of those four parties to the combine. It was as follows:

	Tangible Assets.	Annual Profits.
Swift	\$ 85,000,000	\$ 8,300,000
Armour	73,000,000	7,900,000
Morris	24,000,000	3,500,000
Cudahy	15,500,000	1,175,000
	\$197,500,000	\$20,875,000

The total of appraised profits falls \$1,125,000 short of the guaranteed profits made by the combine to Eastern money lenders, which was to be \$22,000,000 a year; but the deficit was to have been more than covered by raising the amount to \$24,500,000 through the absorption of Schwarzschild and Sulzberger, the Hammonds, the Fowlers and a score of other concerns.

(9) A "basis" agreement between the combine on one side and Albert H. Veeder and L. C. Kraugthoff on the other, authorizing V. & K. to place the combine's securities with Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and other Eastern financiers. This "basis" reduced the capitalization from \$925,000,000 to \$525,000,000 by reducing a "water" item from 25 times the annual profits, as appraised, to a lower multiplier. The "basis" specified the following capitalization:

Bonds, 5 per cent.....	\$ 75,000,000
Preferred stock	250,000,000
Common stock	225,000,000

Of this capitalization the syndicate of financiers were to receive off-hand \$35,000,000 in bonds and \$36,875,000 in preferred stock; of the remainder of preferred stock, \$165,000,000 was to go to the combine and \$48,125,000 to the "trust" treasury. Of the bond issue \$10,000,000 was to be reserved for underlying liens and \$30,000,000 for sales to provide for outstanding bills. The financial syndicate was also to get \$33,000,000 in common stock and the combine \$182,000,000. For their bonds and stock the financial syndicate were to pay \$60,000,000 in cash, which was to be the "loan," thereby leaving them a profit of \$44,875,000; and \$10,000,000 worth of common stock was to go gratis to the guarantors—James Stillman, Jacob Schiff and E. H. Harriman. Kuhn, Loeb & Co. were to form the syndicate and be its managers. They were to receive as compensation therefor one-fifth of the syndicate profits, and in any event were to receive not less than 1 per cent of the par value of the securities from the syndicate funds. This "basis"—which Mr. Veeder testified was not signed because of a financial depression—specified that J. Ogden Armour should be chairman of the finance and executive committees of the combine, Gustavus F.

Swift president, and Edward Morris and Michael Cudahy vice presidents.

(10) Agreement with E. H. Harriman, Jacob Schiff and Kuhn, Loeb & Co., December 19, 1902, for a loan to Swift, Armour and Morris, whereby they paid off their six months' loan of \$8,000,000 from the First National Bank of New York, with which they had meantime bought up the "odds and ends" concerns in order to make the trust complete. The "odds and ends" concerns, with the number of their shares purchased by the combine and the price paid in National Packing Company stock were as follows, as Mr. Veeder testified:

Company—	Shares.	Nat. Packing stock.
G. H. Hammond Co.....	318,910	\$3,600,000
Hammond Packing Co.....	14,565	1,000,000
Omaha Packing Co.....	5,000	2,200,000
Hutchinson Co.	1,500	100,000
Anglo-American	2,500	2,000,000
Fowler Packing Co.....	7,000	900,000
Stockyards Warehouse Co.....	2,000	530,000
United Dried Beef Co.....	3,000	1,900,000
St. Louis Dried Beef Co.....	12,250	2,100,000
Anglo-American Refrigerator Car Co	4,000	360,000
Kansas City Refrigerator Car Co....	1,477	130,000
Fowler Canadian Co., Ltd.....	400	70,000
Friedman Manufacturing Co.....	407	110,000

(11) Letter of December 19, 1902, from Swift, Armour and Morris, agreeing to give Kuhn, Loeb & Co. the preference of financing the Beef-trust in the event of their deciding to form it before May, 1905.

(12) Agreement of January 7, 1903, under which Michael Cudahy withdrew from the combine and took back his \$1,000,000 forfeiture deposit from the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank. Mr. Veeder testified that all forfeiture deposits, including this one, were in fact released by verbal agreement prior to the \$15,000,000 loan of December 19, 1902.

(13) Agreement between Swift, Armour and Morris on one side, and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. on the other, March 18, 1903—the date of the organization of the National Packing Company, now known as the Beef-trust,—under which the entire capital stock of the National Packing Company was deposited with Kuhn, Loeb & Co. as "additional collateral" to secure the \$15,000,000 loan of three months before.

The theory of the defense at the trial is that the agreement of May 31, 1902 (paragraphs 1, 2, 3, 4 and 7 above), came to an end prior to the \$15,000,000 loan agreement of December 19, 1902 (paragraph 10 above), and that therefore any offense in connection with that agreement is outlawed by the statute of limitations. On the other hand it is the theory of the prosecution that the conspiracy which originated in the agreement of May 31, 1902, was never abandoned but has been continued until the present time through the organization in March, 1903, of the National Packing Company. [See vol. xiv, page 1311.]



Further Dynamite Indictments in Los Angeles.

As a result of investigations by the Federal grand jury at Los Angeles, indictments were brought in on the 30th against several labor union officials, three of whom were immediately arrested.

Those arrested had been in attendance before the grand jury as witnesses and at the time of their arrest were in the witness room. They are Olaf A. Tviectmoe, secretary-treasurer of the California Building Trades Council; J. E. Munsey, head of the Salt Lake Union of Structural Iron Workers, and Anton Johannsen, organizer of the California Building Trades Council. The indictments are for conspiring to transport explosives between States for criminal purposes. The arrested men were at once released on \$5,000 bail. Specifically the charge is that they were concerned in supplying the explosives with which the Lewellyn Iron Works at Los Angeles were dynamited December 25, 1910, and for which the elder McNamara is serving a fifteen year sentence upon his plea of guilty. [See vol. xiv, page 1281.]



The Singletax in the State of Washington.

In the face of the popular vote, the Everett City Commission in the State of Washington decided on the 27th by 9 to 4 to exclude the Singletax from the proposed new charter, but agreed to submit it as a separate proposition when the new charter goes before the people for adoption. [See vol. xiv, p. 1194.]



A Singletax amendment to the Seattle charter was adopted on the 27th by the City Council for submission to the people of Seattle at the municipal election on the 5th of March. It is the amendment proposed by Councilman Oliver T. Erickson, and if adopted will exempt all personal property and real estate improvements after July 12, 1912, and abolish all other sources of city revenue except land values. [See vol. xiv, pp. 1053, 1245.]



China's Revolution.

Mongolia, the vast dependency of China to the north, and Chinese Turkestan to the northwest, proclaimed their independence on the 29th—an independence nominally autonomous, but manifestly demanded under Russian influence and leading to Russian control.



The Premier, Yuan Shi Kai, who has continued to refuse to yield to the Republican program proposed at the Peace conference at Shanghai, has succeeded in raising temporary funds for the Imperial troops from the Empress Dowager. On the 28th the Throne agreed to the Premier's suggestion—a suggestion entirely agreeable to the Republicans—that the question of future government of China be left to a national representative convention. On the 30th the Peace conference at Shanghai made the following suggestions

for the composition of such a convention: Each of the eighteen Provinces of China proper will, according to the scheme adopted, form one section; inner and outer Mongolia will each compose one section, and eastern and western Tibet also one section each. Each section to be entitled to send three delegates to the convention. Each section to have three votes in the convention, even if the full delegation from the section is not present. The delegates to be summoned to attend by telegraph, partly in the name of the Provisional Republican government, and partly in the name of the Imperial government. The Premier has refused assent to these plans, and has called for the resignation of his representative at the Peace Conference, Tang Shao Yi, who had agreed to them. [See volume xiv, page 1312.]



In the meantime a Republican delegate convention claiming to represent the eighteen Provinces of China proper, but called by conservatives only a military committee, in session at Nanking, on the 28th elected Dr. Sun Yat Sen President (or Provisional President) of the United Provinces. Dr. Sun was inaugurated on the 1st at Nanking, the new Republican capital, as it was the ancient capital before the subjugation of the Chinese by the Manchus. One of the first acts of the new President was to send word to the Chinese all over the world that with the day of the inauguration, January 1, 1912, China was to begin to reckon her dates by the Gregorian calendar of the Western world, thus advancing the Chinese new year by about six weeks, and dispensing with a calendar claiming twenty-five centuries of antiquity.

NEWS NOTES

—The Toledo City Council passed a street railway franchise under suspension of the rules on the 3d, which provides for 3-cent fares on every line in the city, with universal transfers.

—An Executive order, issued by President Taft on the 26th, has modified a previous Executive order in such manner as to permit Christian Scientists to practice healing in the Zone of the Panama Canal.

—At the trial on the 27th of Isaac Harris and Max Blanck for manslaughter in connection with the fire of March 25, 1911, in which 147 of their employes—workers in the factory of the Triangle Waist Co.—lost their lives, the jury acquitted the accused. [See vol. xiv, page 371.]

—The Maine Tax Reform League adopted a program at its Lewiston meeting in December in favor of enforcing a new law in Maine for recording land values separately from improvement values and for securing a Constitutional amendment permitting scientific property classifications for taxing purposes. The officers elected are as follows: President, Will-

Iam S. White of Rockland; vice-president, W. E. Schwartz of Camden; secretary-treasurer, Christopher M. Gallup of Skowhegan; auditor, Kingsbury B. Piper of Fairfield. Funds for the work contemplated will be raised by soliciting memberships at \$1 each.

—Newton D. Baker became Mayor of Cleveland on the 1st, two years after the retirement of the late Tom L. Johnson, whose policies he has undertaken to realize for Cleveland. Newspaper dispatches of the 1st say: "If Tom L. Johnson, who died in April, 1911, were to return to the city hall which he occupied as mayor, he would find all his appointees in office again." [See vol. xiv, pp. 1161, 1167, 1196.]

PRESS OPINIONS

The Land-Value Sponge.

St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press, Dec. 16.—The sale of a certain minute piece of land in the heart of New York City for the fabulous price of a million dollars brings sharply to mind the value of land, and brings reminiscently to mind how the majority of us, or our fathers or grandfathers, escaped being millionaires because they did not have faith in the land, in certain land they might as well have had as another. . . . Less than ten years ago the Broadway and Thirty-fourth street bit was sold for \$375,000; it has tripled in value in that short space of time. And so it goes with land values the country over; it is but because a million was involved and a Broadway corner that this particular sale appears so tremendous.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

THE DAWN OF TOMORROW.

For The Public.

A flood of light bursts through the clouds;
 Another day! A deluge that doth cause
 Privilege to cringe and tremble and shrink back,
 Cowering into its vaults of steel.
 The Age of Justice dawns!
 Passions vanish, kindness grows apace;
 The Might that built a Nation in a day
 Doth turn to lift the maiden of the street,
 To comfort weary mothers, and to share
 Its strength with other, weaker men.
 It is the reign of Peace.

HARRY W. OLNEY.



TRUE LITTLE TALES OF MINOR REFORMERS.

1. The Discourager of Gush.

For The Public.

There was once a farmer's son who, arriving at the ripe age of eighteen, wished to go out into the world and see what it was like. So he chose to become a teacher, little as he knew. He passed

the examination, and he went down into the Santa Lucia Mountains in California, where a school-mate, a much-loved companion, whom everybody called "Dan" for short, was already teaching in the rocks by Estero Bay. It is not here to be told how he arrived at his own school, some weeks later after numberless and entrancing adventures, with ten cents in his pocket, nor how that delightful little mountain district with its bare-foot girls and boys, not merely paid him seventy-five dollars a month but also taught him some of the fundamental things about the profession which he had so heedlessly jumped into. Everyone, all unconsciously, helped to wake him up, and relate him to life's actualities—this dreaming youth who wrote verses, and told stories to the children, and blundered into tight corners and blundered out again, and wrote every other night to his mother.

"These mountaineers can but just live," he wrote once, "but they are busy, happy, healthy, and perfectly fearless and outspoken—Americans all through; the salt of the earth's best salt."

One night he wrote: "Mother, you have always been too good to me. There is an ignorant old man up here—book-ignorant only—living on a rock-pile, but in his own small way a reformer; and he has managed to temporarily clip some of the rank weeds of gush and brag in my wretched character, which you, my dear mother, doubtless recognize and lament, but were too gentle-hearted to club on every occasion. I won't give the details. It's some sore yet. But old Uncle Buck is a character."

Here follows the full story of the young school-teacher's experience with this educationally inclined mountaineer who had so drastically admonished him to walk more softly, and to somewhat cultivate reticence.

Uncle Buck Wright was a sharp-witted, plain-spoken old man, given to weird and fierce epithets, with a contradictory twinkle of the blue eyes. The school-teacher boarded there. To him and to his old wife, who nursed the sick and comforted the afflicted in all those uplands, the young man as the neighborhood, which really liked him, was fond of saying, "told all he knew, and more besides."

Here and there someone said to himself: "That cranky old Missourian, Uncle Buck, will teach that young fellow a lesson—same as he did me one't on a time."

A few of the kindlier spirits, seeing how successfully the young teacher was building up his log-cabin school, and how happy he was, warned him that Uncle Buck "took an int'rest in wakin' up young fellows," and "is sometimes plumb dangerous." But these cryptic sayings were not taken seriously, and were soon forgotten.

The summer wore on, and one fateful Friday evening Uncle Buck ground two axes with especial

care, leaned one carelessly against the well-curb, and took the other a mile away, to Big Oak Flat, where he concealed it in the brush. Then at supper time, while the young school teacher was enjoying one of Auntie Wright's famous "peach cobbler," this crafty old pagan began to tell about "the best bee-tree in the mountains."

"If I wasn't so busted with rheumatis I'd cut that tree tomorrow."

"Let me cut it, Uncle Buck."

"Did ye ever swing an axe good an' hard?"

"Lots of times, Uncle Buck. Brought up to it." But he did not quite realize that cutting up driftwood for the kitchen fire, and six-inch unfruitful trees from the orchard, and small willows along the creek, were hardly worth mention.

Auntie Wright protested: "Now, Buck, leave him alone. Teachers need to rest on Saturdays. Ye know ye hain't"—He silenced her by a look.

In the morning the young teacher picked up the axe and strode off, followed by a cheerful Uncle Buck with a lunch-bucket, and several pails for the honey.

Auntie Wright whispered: "Now, Buck, he's a good boy. Don't ye be mean to him."

"Needs some reformin'," retorted the old man with great cheerfulness, as they started, and limped visibly whenever the school-teacher looked around. Auntie Wright, good soul, went back into the log cabin, read a chapter in her Bible, and prayed earnestly that "my old man behaves himself this time."

Uncle Buck took the school-teacher to the largest white oak in that region, and sat down to observe results. It was a bee-tree all right—and it was seven feet in diameter, knotty and decadent.

The young man tackled the proposition at once, and worked painfully through the thick bark all around the tree. Then he began on the sap-wood and was astonished at its toughness. He soon found that he could not manage to hit twice in the same spot, and that his meagre and ragged results greatly resembled, as he afterwards declared, the "one-sided and painful gnawing of a partially intoxicated beaver." After a while his hands were blistered in eight places, then in sixteen, then they became raw and bleeding. By this time he had achieved a notch in the oak, and Uncle Buck who had long been praising his results, and admiring his ability as an axe man, began to roll on the ground and howl aloud.

"Don't mind my yellin'," he said; "it's jest my rheumatis hits me speshul. Go right ahead an' whang that tree down."

The young school-teacher kept on at the work a few minutes longer, reflecting about the situation. He had now been trying to master the stubborn oak for some two hours, and he could plainly see that it would take him a couple of days to finish the contract. He walked around the tree and examined it. Then he walked over

to where the old man was lying on the ground, and howling in pure delight. It was clearly a crisis, and he rose to it.

"Uncle Buck," he said, "here is the axe! You have taught me a lesson that I needed. Take it, and show me how."

The old man's mirth died instantly; he rose, took the axe, looked at the young man and spoke in quite another tone.

"Thar! I respect ye, an' p'raps I orter 'polgize."

"No, indeed, Uncle Buck, hit into that tree."

The old man felt of the dulled axe, laid it down, went to a pile of brush, drew out a sharp axe of the same weight and size, and stripped to the waist. Then he chose his point of attack, and began at once, with those long, steady strokes which mark the perfect American woodsman, descendant of eight generations of forest-fighters. Each time the swift blade sank almost to the eye, scattering great chips and advancing with cool precision towards the heart of the oak.

"The old sinner," thought the admiring and surprised teacher, "how magnificently he handles it, and how silly it was of me to brag about myself!"

In an hour the great tree was down, the hollow top was opened, and the two men were filling their pails with honey-combs. Then they sat down by a spring to eat their lunch in a shy but friendly silence, and in a meditative silence they went home together. When they came into the cabin Auntie Wright looked long at them both. Then her eyes lit up, and she said to herself: "It came out jest as I prayed for."

She hunted up her best salve, and put it in the school-teacher's room, on his open dictionary, where he would be sure to find it, but neither then nor afterwards did she allude to axes or "sore hands."

That night, however, after hot biscuits and honey, as all three sat in the dusk under the morning-glory vines on the porch, the school-teacher was moved to say with somewhat subdued earnestness: "Well, Uncle Buck, you are too much of a man to merely wish to play a joke on a fellow, or just take him down a few pegs. There is a method in your madness. If you love me, please-explain it."

The old frontiersman thought awhile. When he spoke it was very softly, as if he was walking far back on ancient trails in dim Western forests of ash and hickory.

"When I was a boy I dreamed too much, an' I thought I could jump right in and make anything go without trainin', an' I slopped over lots of times. Then an old bachelor who worked around the neighborhood tuk me in hand several times, an' he made me as mad as a red-eyed hornet. I was a thousand times wuss nor you, an' I had much harder lessons sot me. Did me good though. An' whatever he did to me was done

dee-liberately, an' strictly between our two selves. So in the end I grewed up to it."

"I see," said the young school-teacher. "You mean that when he thought you were developing a cancer on your character, he whetted a secret knife and tried to cut it out."

"Yas!" Uncle Buck replied, "just that way, without chloroform. Some people hated him like pizen. But I think he did me as much good as all my schoolin'."

"Beyond a doubt," returned the school-teacher. "And I wouldn't forget my experience of today for a term in a college." He looked at his hands, and laughed heartily. "It's really worth the price, Uncle Buck! But I see now why this neighborhood is somewhat afraid of you. I've been told that you were an old pirate."

"So I am," said the frontiersman, benignantly. "And I've tried ter make many a cock-sure young feller walk the plank, too."

"Then you fish him out," answered the young man. "You are an educational crank of a reformer. Tomorrow I want a chip from that oak I gnawed at, and you might make me a present of that axe I misused."

"Ye spoilt it anyhow," said the old man gently and sweetly. "Cuttin' aige worn out. But never mind. It's done ye good."

A few weeks later, as they worked in her garden, Auntie Wright said to the teacher: "Buck jest swears by you. Says ye can't be fooled; says the hull neighborhood notices how ye've taken hold here; says ye don't need no more of his doctrine."

The school-teacher went on trimming roses, and smiled back at the kindly old woman. He was very well aware that Uncle Buck's little dose of reform medicine was good for the system.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.



NEWTON D. BAKER.

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Tom Johnson's Heir.

"*Libertas est potestas faciendi id quod jure licet!*" spouted the Honorable Theodore Burton when he was running for Mayor of Cleveland a time ago, the occasion being a campaign speech in the mill district. And on the election day shortly thereafter the Ohioans to whom the Honorable Theodore was appealing for their votes went to the polls and put the boots of their free and untrammelled and non-classical suffrages to Mr. Burton in a sad—not to say irreverent—manner; holding,

as was said, that they didn't care for such a scholarly guy for mayor of the town.

"*Lex citius tolerare vult privatum damnum quam publicum malum!*" declaimed the Honorable Newton D. Baker when he was running for Mayor of Cleveland just recently. And on the election day shortly thereafter the same citizens who had rebuked Mr. Burton for his Latinity upheld Mr. Baker for his, and gave him about eighteen thousand majority; holding, as was said, that it might be a pretty good thing to have one of them "lit'ry" gents as mayor after all.

There may be a Cleveland, Ohio, moral to this, but I don't know what it is, unless I might suggest weakly that erudition may erudiate for one and eradicate for another, which is about what happened. Of course the Honorable Theodore Burton, now a Senator, is a most learned person. Though it is not true, as has been held, that he is the author of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, he certainly looks the part—and did so especially after they trampled on him in that election when he tried to be classical with the boys in the mills.

Now, on the other hand, the Honorable Newton Diehl Baker is some scholarly also: With a full knowledge of Mayor Gaynor's predilections for Epictetus, I make bold to say this new Mayor of Cleveland knows more about literature than any other mayor now in captivity. He is as literary as a five-foot shelf of books. Back him into a corner at any time and ask him sternly, "What book has had the greatest influence on your life?" and he will reply unhesitatingly: "Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe." And, nevertheless, they elected him mayor by eighteen thousand! I suppose if it had been Locke on the Human Understanding he would have been elected by thirty thousand!

The Wisdom of Newton D.

Little Newton read Doctor Draper's airy nothings on the aforesaid topic at the age of sixteen—when he might have been fishing or swimming or playing ball. Nor is that all. Draper was simply pie to him at that age, for he was the reading kid of Martinsburg, West Virginia. At the age of twenty, as we are informed, he had plowed through about all the English literature there was available at that time. That was twenty years ago, of course, before some of us had done much writing; but he took cognizance of what there was.

Selecting Milton as a convenient base, he paraded right straight back to Chaucer; and then, returning to Milton, he leaped forward avidly to George R. Sims. He knows all about John Heywood, and Thomas Tusser, and John Lyly, and all those old boys—and he can play ring-around-rosy with Shakespeare in all editions. His familiarity with such English literature and such other literature—including what this country has to offer—is alarming but not contagious.

Scholarly? Why, say, when he was at that

Dayton convention a year or so ago, where they tried to make the convention indorse somebody for Senator the Tom Johnson folks didn't want indorsed, he sat silently in his seat reading Browning, undisturbed by the turmoil about him. Then, when it came his turn, he placed a mark carefully in the book, laid the book on his chair, and went up on the stage and produced a speech that made the anti-Johnson folks weep bitter tears because they had nobody to get back at him! Then he returned to his seat and his book, and resumed his study of the immortal if somewhat obscure lines he was reading.

He is the scholar in politics; and, as you might say, there is some politics in the scholar. Martinsburg tradition has it that at the early but intellectual age of ten he played hooky from school, for the first and only time in his life, to go and hear a noted lawyer of those parts sum up a case in court. He was so impressed with this lawyer's declamation of Portia's speech in the Merchant of Venice—you know: "The quality of mercy is not strained"—that country lawyers always pull when they have a bad case, he straightway resolved on two things: first, to be a lawyer; and, second, to be a literary lawyer and have a good stock of goods to show to juries.

He was admitted to the bar, and went back to Martinsburg and formed a partnership with the man who made the eloquent speech. So far as Baker was concerned there wasn't much practice for him. He had a few small cases, and devoted his time to re-reading books he had read between the ages of ten and sixteen, including the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire and other similar brochures. William L. Wilson, who gave his name to a tariff bill, was a West Virginian and knew Baker's father. He wrote to young Baker to come to Washington to see him shortly after President Cleveland had made Wilson Postmaster-General.

Baker thought Mr. Wilson wanted to give him some Government reports and similar works to help him make a showing of books in his office, and he took two suitcases to bring back the books. Much to his astonishment Wilson asked him to be his secretary—and he accepted the place.

Wilson knew Tom Johnson; and one time when Baker was going out to Cleveland he gave Baker a letter of introduction. Baker presented the letter, which Johnson read and threw away, Baker attaining nothing but a "How are you?"

After Wilson retired Baker went back to Martinsburg and practiced for a time, but he had his mind set on Cleveland; and presently he went out there and opened a law office. It wasn't long before Baker and Tom Johnson were good friends, for Baker was a smart young fellow, and Johnson had the faculty of attracting smart young fellows to himself. Baker remembered the letter of

introduction, but Johnson didn't; and Baker never reminded him of it.

Johnson went booming along in Ohio politics and Baker came to be one of his official family. Likely as not, Baker was as close to Johnson as anyone. Anyhow Johnson had made him city solicitor, and he was a good one.

The Three-Cent Campaigns.

After Johnson was beaten in his last attempt to be mayor, and was sick and about ready to die, he told a few of his friends Baker would be the man to nominate for mayor, as a sort of heir to his policies. Johnson and Baker never talked about this, but Baker was nominated. Johnson had been the protagonist of three-cent street-car fares, and Baker followed with three-cent electric light as the chief issue in his campaign. Inasmuch as the electric light company was getting six or seven cents a watt or kilowatt—or tarrididdle, or whatever it is—the attitude of that public utilities corporation toward Mr. Baker can easily be pictured in the mind's eye. Baker won. He will be mayor after January first.

Occasionally a boy mayor has flashed across a municipal horizon and then winked out. However boyish any of these mayors have been, none of them looked so boyish as Baker. He is forty years old, but looks anywhere between eighteen and twenty-four, depending on how he has his hair combed. Instead of referring to him as a boy mayor, some rude person, unacquainted with his maturity, may take a look at him and call him the child mayor. When he was running a man came in to see him.

"I want to see Baker," said the man.

"I am Baker."

"Well, my boy, your father is running for mayor, and I want to do something for him."

And episodes like this were of daily occurrence. The only way Baker can arrive at an appearance of the venerable wisdom required in the office of the Mayor of Cleveland is to grow a long gray beard.

Baker holds to a good many of the political and economic convictions of Tom Johnson. He is a singletaxer, for example, but not so rabid about it as Johnson was. He is for public ownership of public utilities and has made a start with a municipal lighting plant, which was a part of his campaign. He is a good lawyer, and as an orator he has them all looking in the dictionary to see what his words mean. He is what is called a polished orator, but he gets away with it—as witness the Latin he handed to the rolling-mill men, where Mr. Burton lost in a similar adventure. He can talk for four hours or fourteen and never make a slip in diction or boggle a quotation or an allusion; and he is familiarly known as Newton Spiel Baker instead of Newton Diehl Baker. He doesn't care for money and is indifferent to fame

and averse to publicity. Hence probably he will not like this piece when it is "called to his attention"—which will undoubtedly help some.

BOOKS

"MY STORY."

My Story. By Tom L. Johnson, edited by Elizabeth J. Hauser. New York, B. W. Huebsch. Price, \$2.00 net; postage, 20 cts. (Second review.)

Most books that deal with sociological problems and with all kinds of reforms are likely to be uninteresting. Pity it is that it is true, but true it is. A book to be interesting must not only have in it the stuff of fact and thought, but it must have the element of art, which most books on sociology sadly lack. This saving quality of art does not at all mean that the author must consciously and purposely set about being artistic: as a matter of fact he is generally thinking little or nothing about his art, but the art must be there, not only to make the book live, but to make it alive and readable and effective. The art of "Progress and Poverty" is almost as wonderful as its great argument. Henry George probably thought little about rhetoric or grammar, and he occasionally makes a slip from technical rules, even as many of the greatest writers have done, but he was nevertheless an artist with his pen. Hence his books will live, having both the stuff and the style. General Grant, in his *Memoirs*, told his story simply and straightforwardly, not thinking of style, and yet he hit the high mark, and produced a book which Matthew Arnold, a critic of literature, called America's greatest prose work. It is not easy to say how the thing happens. One striking fact is that it often happens with men of action who have never professed to be bookmen or writers.

I picked up Johnson's "My Story" with the frank expectation of not finding the book very entertaining. I knew it would have some interesting facts and valuable lessons, but I did not expect a book that would entertain, and carry one on, as the saying is, like a novel. Yet this is what it does; it carries one on like an interesting story, which it is. It is more than a sociological story, or an economic story, or a reminiscent story, it is a human story. It is a book which will find more and more readers, not only because of its unique value in giving us a first-hand picture of certain phases of public life peculiar to our time, but because of the fine human element which its writer lets shine through from his noble personality. Anyone who knew Tom Johnson, who had ever looked into his mild and magnificent eyes, ought to have known that it would be so.

From this autobiography the reader will become acquainted with one of the most remarkable

men of our day, remarkable for what he did and for what he was, a man intensely practical and as intensely enthusiastic in his faith in what we call the ideals of righteousness and justice, a man of belief and healthy-mindedness. No one has better illustrated Carlyle's saying that "belief is the healthy condition of a man's mind." So healthy-minded was Tom Johnson that nothing could sour his thoughts or embitter his spirit. "How he contrived," says Miss Hauser, "to keep his spirit strong and glad is something one may not hope to comprehend." Was it not his strong faith that solved the riddle? Most of us talk about the power of righteousness and truth, he believed in it. He actually and vividly believed that however great the setbacks, the truth would always win, was always winning, even in its defeats. "If a movement," he says, "is really based upon a principle of right, upon a fundamental truth, nothing injures it. Its progress may be checked but it cannot be permanently stayed. Its enemies aid it in the long run." Read his closing words in this book and his words of good-will and good-cheer throughout all his busy years, and it will be seen that it was this healthy condition of belief which made him free. It was this faith which gradually wrought in his face, and especially in his wonderful eyes, the beautiful look of sweetness and clear brightness, mingled with inevitable sadness, such as is seen in several of Botticelli's madonnas.

I could not keep from thinking, as I read this book, what an education there is in it. Is there any college course which could teach life like this book? What could a young man better do to fit him for life than to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest a book like this, telling in its own simple way the lessons of perseverance, of patience, of the quest of truth, of loyalty to truth, of hopefulness, and greatest of all, the lessons of charity? And not only would the young man find these lessons for character, but he would find here just those practical facts of life in business and politics and in economics which he will have to deal with and ought to know. And he will find here that highest lesson, that in dealing with his fellows the charity which St. Paul preached and Tom Johnson believed in is the supremely practical and only successful course for his life, because it means good-will and the love of justice to all which must inevitably follow. I should not know how to do a better thing for any youth than to put this story into his hands and induce him to read it carefully and thoughtfully. It would go a long way in helping to make a man of him, for it was of the spirit of this man to make men. "The greatest thing our Cleveland movement did," he says, "was to make men."

The book abounds in passages for quotation, but they must be left for the reader's own marking. The closing page of Chapter VII may be com-

mended heartily to anyone who wishes to get a clear idea of the Singletaxer's position, and there are pages which would serve as guide to all municipal reformers. Then there are passages of even dramatic interest, such as the stories of Johnson's dealings with such men as Mayor Pingree and Senator Hanna.

Miss Hauser's introduction is excellent, and her closing chapter tells in simple, unaffected words the end of the life. The editing has been well done, although it must have presented special difficulties arising from the circumstances of the writing. "By sheer force of will," says Miss Hauser, "he dictated 'My Story' after he became so ill that the slightest physical or mental effort was a severe strain." On page 5 "Corner" Springs is a mistake, and Withville should be Wytheville. On page 113 should not "settling" be "selling"? The awkward expression "different—than" occurs several times, and might well have been changed. But the few slips only emphasize the fact how well the editor has done her work.

J. H. DILLARD.

PERIODICALS

The Twentieth Century.

With its January number The Twentieth Century under Charles Zueblin's editorship acquires more distinctly the flavor of his supervision. An intimate sketch of Senator La Follette, "the father of insurgency," pictured in his personal relations as "My Friend," is one of the features; while another, far removed from the first in its externalities but related essentially, is Edith J. R. Isaac's view of "What Jewish Women are doing for the Jews." Sidney Webb argues for "The National Minimum" of social life; the question of a fair deal for Abe Ruef is opened up by George Wharton Jones; Iceland as one of the obscure democracies of Europe is described by Jerome Hall Raymond, and Lucy Fitch Perkins tells "A Middle-Aged Love Story." A serial novel, "Atlantis," by Gerhart Hauptmann, is promised for the year, its first installment to appear in the February number.



The Century.

In view of the question regarding our proposed arbitration treaties with great Britain and France, which Mr. Roosevelt has opposed in The Outlook of December 30, and in his letters peremptorily refusing to meet President Taft at the peace dinner in New York, President Taft's impressive defense of these treaties, which appears in The Century for January, should be thoughtfully read. In addition to its importance with reference to the time when battle flags shall be finally furled, that question may be a burning question in home politics before many months. This number of The Century produces the third and last installment of Charles Johnson Post's picturesque story, with illustrations of his own, of his trip through the wilds of South America—across the Andes and down the Beni through the rubber country into the Amazon.

The Single Tax Review.

The November-December bi-monthly number of The Single Tax Review (New York) opens with a report in full of John W. Bennett's excellent address on "Henry George and the Tariff" at the George birthday dinner in St. Paul last autumn, to which it adds the eloquent tribute of Alexander Mac-kendrick to the memory of Henry George at the Glasgow Conference on land values taxation early in September. Gustav Büscher's series on the abolition of poverty by restoring equal rights to the earth, and Dr. Brunk's "Land History of the American Colonies," are continued. In the news department there is an extended and faithful report by L. S. Dickey of the Chicago Conference of the Joseph Fels Fund Commission.



Said an English clergyman, "Patriotism is the backbone of the British Empire; and what we have

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December Renewals

Did you do your Christmas shopping early? Good. And your December renewing?—The renewing of your subscription to The Public, I mean.

A great number of our subscriptions are due in December. If yours was, will you kindly renew as promptly as you can, now that you've bought all those Christmas presents and got the New Year well started?

Second renewal notices mean a certain amount of bother for you, and unnecessary postage and work for our Subscription Department. We don't mind the work in the least, but want to switch all the surplus energy onto the getting of new business—new advertising, new subscriptions. So we thought we would pass along the renew-as-promptly-as-convenient suggestion to our December-renewal friends.

STANLEY BOWMAR, Manager.

P. S.—Don't forget the Club proposition when renewing: \$2 pays for three subscriptions, two of them new; \$4 pays for six; \$6 for nine. If you can't convert your friends to the cause of reform, let The Public be your Gold Dust Twins.

to do is to train that backbone and bring it to the front."—Christian Intelligencer.



A colored preacher was vehemently denouncing the sins of his congregation. "Bred'ern an' sistern, Ah warns yo' against de heinous sin o' shootin' craps! Ah charges yo' agalnst de brack rascality o' liften pullets! But, above all else, breddern and sistern, Ah demonishes you' at dis hyer season

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against de crime o' melon stealin'!" A brother in a back seat made an odd sound with his lips, rose and snapped his fingers. Then he sat down again with an abashed look. "Whuffo, mah frien,'" said the preacher sternly, "does yo' r'ar up an' snap yo' fingahs when Ah speaks o' melon stealin'?" "Yo' jes reminds me, pahson," the man in the back seat answered meekly, "wha' Ah lef' mah knife."—Sam Francisco Argonaut.



Inventor: "By this system of mine the fire produces its own extinguisher, and the harder the fire

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